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The Spanish Ambassador's party was pure Eighteenth Century. The house on Belgrave Square, beautifully disposed for entertaining, the whole ground floor consisting of salons, was not crowded. The Latin American Diplomatic Corps, Lord and Lady Davison, Lord and Lady Dundee were there.

We were 48 seated at dinner, at one table, not congested, with a servant in livery for every three guests. Our hosts, the Vera Cruz, are, I think, the most popular social couple in London, and with good reason. Modern stresses and political complications, if impinging upon their lives, leave no evident traces.

A succession of dishes, served on a succession of silver plates, probably deriving from old fiefs in South America, progressed across the expanse of mahogany. A delicious grouse soup preceded other delectable offerings, until we arrived at a dessert depicting ships, flags, etc., associated with the voyages of Columbus. Dundee made a speech, Santa Cruz responded, then the Argentine Ambassador exuded witticisms, loudly applauded.

We stayed late, champagne flowing spring-like.

October 13, 1962 - Saturday

I submitted my left arm early this morning, to the intelligent ministration of Miss MacInnes, despite her prefix a Scottish woman married to an Irishman. I seem, for reasons unknown, to have torn a muscle in it. Consequently, the prospects of shooting this year, due to my inability to raise this useless member above elbow height, are dim.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
REVIEWED BY NLC 6-17-81
EXEMPTION
DECLASSIFIABLE
RELEASE DENIED
FOI EXEMPTIONS

To the office, there to cope with trivialities.

We had a lunch today for:

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